

ALL COMICS

DELL
A DELL PUBLICATION
DELL COMICS

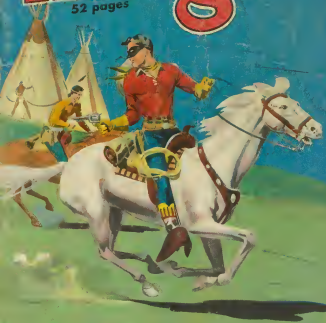
OCTOBER

10¢

The Lone Ranger

ALL COMICS!

52 pages



INDIAN LORE



"HOW"

THE WORD "HOW" COMMONLY USED IN FICTION AS AN INDIAN GREETING IS TRULY AN INDIAN GREETING, THOUGH IT IS NOT AS OBVIOUSLY SUPPOSED, THE SAME AS THE WHITE MAN'S WORD "HOW" IN INDIAN IT IS PRONOUNCED "HOW" AND SPOelled "HACH" OR "HAW" WHICH MEANS "ALL RIGHT" "IT IS WELL," OR "GOOD"

TOMAHAWKS

TOMAHAWKS WERE USED MORE AS IMPLEMENTS THAN AS WEAPONS. THE WORD "TOMAHAWK" COMES FROM AN INDIAN WORD "TAWNI-HACK," MEANING "LITTLE AXE."

FANCY TYPES OF TOMAHAWKS WERE MOSTLY CEREMONIAL. SOME WERE MADE OF STONE OTHERS OF HORN, AND LATER STILL, OTHERS OF STEEL.



A NAVAJO SUPERSTITION

(THE "BAD LUCK" COYOTE)

A NAVAJO INDIAN BELIEVES THE COYOTE TO BE AN OMEN OF VERY BAD LUCK. IN FACT, THE NAVAJO WILL NEVER, IF POSSIBLE, ALLOW A COYOTE TO CROSS THE ROAD AHEAD OF THEM. THEY MUST FIRST KNOWLED TO CIRCLE MANY MILES OUT OF THEIR WAY IN THE HOPE OF GETTING AROUND THE COYOTE BEFORE IT CAN CROSS THEIR PATH.



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CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both year old and new address including if possible year old address label.

The LONE RANGER













SHOOT
LONG
WAY BACK
NOW!

WE'LL MAKE SURE WE'VE HAD FROM HIM,
TOMMY, AND THEN MAKE
PLANS! THERE'S
ONLY ONE OF A SORT
ORGANIZATION
OF KILLERS!



JUST WHY DID YOU
LET THAT MASKED
MAN ESCAPE,
MOLLY? DON'T
YOU BELIEVE HE
KILLED YOUR
FATHER?

NO I DON'T,
SHUFFY! DAD
WAS KILLED AND
ROBBED BY THE
TARDUCK GANG!
THAT MASKED
MAN WAS THE
LONG RANGER!

THAT NIGHT AFTER A FRUITLESS CHASE



MOLLY, THERE MAY BE
SOMETHING IN WHAT
YOU SAY! SAY-SAY
IT, I WONDER IF
TARDUCKS THE
KILLER!

THERE HAVE
BEEN SEVERAL
FOUR KILLED
AND ROBBED
LIFE DAD WAS.
I WANT TO ASK
YOU ONE THING!



DO YOU REALLY
WANT TO FIND MY
FATHER'S MURDERER?

I SURE
AS
THUNDER
DO!



YOU'LL HAVE
THAT
CHANCE!



NO USE STRUGGLING,
SHUFFY, WE
WANT YOU!

I'LL JAIL YOU
FOR LIFE FOR
THIS!















The Lone Ranger

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BY TOMMY TONTO AND C. MARSHALL LOGAN





The Lone Ranger





LEAVE IT
TUN ME,
CRAVIN'!
WHEN THE
JUDGE
COUNTS
TEN, I'LL
FIRE!



THAT'S WHAT I
CALL SHOOTIN'!



LET ME
DOWN!





THE FORESIGHTED KILLER
USES AN OLD TRICK!



I GOT JIM SQUARE THROUGH
THE CHEST AN' GOT
CLEAR AWAY!

GOOD! NOW
WE'LL START
THE LADS OUT
ON THAT
MASKED MAN'S
TRAIL!



I PERSONALLY FOUND OUT THAT
THE TRAIL LEADS INTO THE
WOODS! IT'S UP TO YOU MEN
NOW! FIND THAT MASKED MAN
AN' INDIAN! JIM'S A CROOK AN'
THEY'RE HIS
FOLKS!

WE'LL FIND 'EM,
MR. CRAWN!

WE'LL
SEE 'ROUND
THE WOODS!
THEY WON'T
GET AWAY!

YOU WAS DONT ENCH YOU
SAID THAT JIM WAS IN
WITH CROOKS!





NOW DON'T CRY ABOUT JIM. GEE, YOU DIDN'T KNOW THE KIND OF FOLK CAT HE WAS! HE'S BETTER OFF DEAD!



I DON'T BELIEVE YOU, MR. CRAWIN! I THINK YOU BROUGHT ABOUT THE MISUNDERSTANDING BETWEEN DAD AND JIM! YOU WANTED THEM TO DUEL!

JIM AND DAD WERE FRIENDS UNTIL YOU CAME ALONG! YOU HATED THAT MASKED MAN TO KILL JIM!

WHY ARE YOU SAYING SUCH A THING?



THEY'VE GOT INTO THE CLEAR! CRAWIN WILL GET ME OUT OF OFFICE IF WE DON'T FIND THAT MASKED MAN! RUN OUT, BOYS! FIRST ONE TO SIGHT HIM, FIRE THREE SHOTS!

RIGHT, SHERIFF!



MEANWHILE...

I WANT YOU SHERIFF!

HI--WHAT THE--



HEY, BOYS--HELP!



DON'T SHOOT YUN RIGHT! HIT THE SHERIFF!

SHERIFF'S HORSE AIN'T TOO STRONG! WE'LL OVERTAKE THEM TOO AN' THEN WE'LL HAVE THAT MASKED HONDER!













Little Man PAYS A VOW



The tall pinto pony quit his early morning bucking, and lined out in a wolf-swift gallop. Little Man, on his back, laughed for joy, feeling himself a part of his splendid mount. It was good, good, to feel a horse between his knees again. And now he could overtake the Comanches—the short, muscular tribesmen who had captured Little Man's friend, Buffalo Calf!

The thought of Buffalo Calf brought a shadow of grief to Little Man's face. His honor as a Navajo was pledged to rescue the younger boy—or die in the attempt. But there was more to it than that. Little Man blamed himself for leading his friend so deep into Mexico—and into Comanche territory. Following the Comanche trail afoot, he had almost given up hope.

Now, with the capture of the wild pony, Painted Horse, his chances were better. The enemy's tracks showed them to be only a few hours ahead. Little Man

watched the trail, the skyline, and everything between, knowing that life itself could hang on first sight of a distant rider.

It was not a rider, but his horse, that Little Man's keen eye spotted first. The animal was moving in a queer, jerky fashion. Drawing nearer, Little Man could make out the bulky, Mexican saddle—and then a dark object trailing from a stirrup.

It was a Mexican VAQUERO, shot dead with Comanche arrows. Mexicans were no friends of the Navajos, so Little Man did not go nearer. Instead, he quartered back and forth like a wolf after trail signs.

And signs were not hard to find! They told of a sudden attack by Comanches on the Mexicans in charge of a horse herd. The Mexicans had fled with their wounded, leaving one dead man behind. The Comanches had thrown the newly-captured ponies in with their other stolen animals, and headed southward on a run.

Looking in that direction, Little Man noted a darkening of the sky. A dust storm, coming fast! To the left of it, a line of bushes marked a winding arroyo—a shelter from the wind. He headed Painted Horse for it at top speed.

Crouched in the gully with his blanket over his head, Little Man waited out the storm. It did not last long. Two hours later, he was riding again, to pick up the Comanche trail. Beyond the

hills he found it—but now a new danger threatened. A DUST CLOUD WAS TRAILING HIM!

Little Man guessed what it was—a Mexican posse, looking for Comanche horse thieves, had struck his own single trail. Very good! He would lead them to the broad track of their enemies.

Back and forth, the Navajo boy rode his pinto at a gallop, stirring up dust in a pale cloud it rose on the breeze—like a signal flag to the trailing Mexicans. When he was certain that they had seen it, he rode in plain view along the Comanche track.

The posse rode fast, once they struck the broader trace. Thundering through a notch between two rocky buttes, they missed completely the boy and the painted pony watching from a mesquite clump at one side.

"When they catch up with the Comanches," Little Man chuckled, "there will be a big fight. I hope they attack at night, so I'll have a chance to get Buffalo Calf free in the confusion."

Hours later, Little Man stood on a hilltop, gazing down at two distant campfires. The farther fire marked the Comanches' camp—the nearer and smaller one, the Mexicans' in the western sky still hung the last purple banner of sunset.

"I will pad the hoofs of Painted Horse with pieces of my blanket," the young Navajo decided. "Then I will creep up on the Mexican camp and see what they plan to do."

Not even a hunting coyote can move more silently than a Navajo, when he doesn't want to be noticed. Trained desert hunters that they were, the Mexicans never guessed that an Indian lay within a biscuit-lass of their supper fire. Little Man could have run off all their horses without any trouble—but he had not come for that.

"A media noche," he heard their leader say, "cuando duermen las Indios."

Noselessly, Little Man slipped back to his horse. He had heard, and he understood enough Mexican to know the score now. He would have barely time to work out his own scheme—if it turned out to be workable at all!

The pinto's padded hoofs fell as softly as cat's paws as they circled the posse. But at a full two hundred yards from the Comanche camp, Little Man tied his pony. Indian ears would be keen, and those of the camp dogs even sharper.

This camp was more like a village. At least twenty Buffalo skin lodges occupied the center of a well-watered ravine. Women squatted by small cook fires,



chewing on meat that their full-fed warriors had left. Near another fire, a dozen children were enjoying a savage little game.

With shrieks of laughter, they were tossing chunks of prickly cactus, stones and blazing twigs of something that crunched in the center of a cholla patch. The "thing" was Buffalo Calf.

To his mixed horror and relief, Little Man saw that his friend was tied by the thumbs to the horns of an old buffalo skull. He had to stoop and rest the skull on the ground, because carrying it put a painful strain on his thumbs. Buffalo Calf could not sit down—for the ground was littered with branches of cholla, each one like the tail of an angry cat, with each "hair" a cruel, poisoned thorn!

Buffalo Calf could not dodge the things thrown at him—for to step backwards or forwards or sideways brought him in contact with living cholla plants. He had to remain stooping, tormented, waiting in brave silence for the children to get tired of their sport. Otherwise, he had not been harmed.

Watching from the edge of camp, Little Man gritted his teeth. "May midnight come soon!" he breathed to himself. He shut his eyes, so as not to see his friend's misery.

At long last came the yell of a Comanche sentry—and a flurry of rifle shots. Then with a thunder of hoofs, the Mexicans charged the camp. Comanche arrows and a few rifles replied. The ravine rang with screams and war whoops. Most important of all—for Little Man—the children scuttled to cover, leaving Buffalo Calf unwatched.

To reach his friend and cut the ropes binding him, was a moment's work for Little Man. A moment later, both boys had picked their way out of the cholla patch into the sheltering darkness.

"Help me!" muttered Buffalo Calf. "My legs—my back and shoulders are too stiff for running."

"My horse is near," replied Little Man. "And my heart is glad! I have paid my vow, Buffalo Calf—that I would save you or die!"

Barely had the boys mounted on Painted Horse when a storm of hoofbeats swept toward them. As it passed, Little Man drummed his heels on his pony's ribs.

"The Comanches' horse herd!" he gasped in the dust. "We'll follow them! We'll drive them home, Buffalo Calf. Our people will be proud of us coming home with more horses than even Chief Medicine Bull can boast. Yaw-toy! Yaw-toy!"





AS DAWN'S FIRST PAINT LIGHT STAINS THE SKY A
WARFUL DAKOTA WARMS OF APPROACHING
STRANGERS



WELL, LITTLE MEN? HAVE
YOU LOST YOUR WAYS?

DAKOTAS

THEY'RE ALL
AROUND US!



WE'LL SEND YOU TO THE HAPPY HUNTING
GROUND--- WHERE YOUR PEOPLE WILL
JOIN YOU SOON!



I'LL TAKE YOU WITH ME
-- DAKOTA?

UGH!



FIFTY FEET THROUGH SPACE FALL THE DAKOTA
BRAVE AND THE MANDAR YOUNGSTER



WITH A HEAVY CRUNCH THE DAKOTA STRIKES ICE





THEY WENT TO THE
BOTTOM--BOTH OF
THEM!



FIND THE OTHER BRAD AND KILL
HIM! IT IS TIME TO ATTACK--
BEFORE THE VILLAGE WAKES!



THE SMALL ONE HAS DISAPPEARED--
HE MUST HAVE JUMPED, TOO!

BUT IN THE HALF LIGHT, NO SIGN OF LITTLE
BUCK IS FOUND



HAD THE DAKOTAS' EYES BEEN KEENER, THEY
MIGHT HAVE SEEN YOUNG HAWK'S DARK HEAD
ABOVE THE BLACK WATER



THERE IS STILL TIME-- TO
WARN MY PEOPLE!



I CAN REACH THEM BEFORE
THE DAKOTAS-- IF I DON'T
FREEZE!!

IN DESPERATION, YOUNG HAWK CLIMBS OUT OF HIS FROZEN CLOTHES.



LIKE SKULKING WOLVES, THE DAKOTAS CREEP TOWARD THE SLEEPING VILLAGE...



BUT FROM THE RIVER TRAIL RISES YOUNG HAWK'S PIERCING CALL.



DAKOTAS? WHO SAID DAKOTAS?

SOMEONE OUTSIDE--



WAKE UP! LET ME IN! THE DAKOTAS ARE HERE!

WHUP! PLUNK!



QUICK--FASTEN THE DOOR!
MAN THE LOOPHOLES!

IT'S ALL RIGHT!
YOUNG HAWK-- YOU
WARNED US IN TIME



--- BUT BARELY IN TIME-- THE MANDANS MEET
THE FIRST SQUOTA RUSH



IN THE HEAT OF BATTLE, YOUNG HAWK FORGETS
THE BETTER HING



AFTER A LAST USELESS ATTACK, THE DAKOTAS
RETREAT WITH THEIR WOUNDED



AND FURIOUSLY THE MANDANS GIVE CHASE...





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AND FOUGHT IN THE GREAT
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YOUNG HAWK

